MARSHALL COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD FALL ALIKE UPON THE RICH AND THE POOR.—JACKSON.

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Selected Poetry.

POP GOES THE QUESTION.

Air—"POP GOES THE WEASEL."

List to me, sweet maiden pray,
Pop goes the question!
Will you marry me? Yea or nay,
Pop goes the question!
I've no time to plead or sigh,
No patience to wait for by and by,
Snare me now, or I'm sure to fly;
Pop goes the question!

"Ask papa," oh, fiddle-de-de,
Pop goes the question!
Father and lovers can never agree
Pop goes the question!
He can't tell what I want to know,
Whether you love me sweet or no—
To ask him would be very slow,
Pop goes the question!

I think we'd make such a charming pair,
Pop goes the question!
I am good looking, you're very fair,
Pop goes the question!
We'll travel life's road in gallant style,
And you shall drive every other mile,
Or, if it please you, all the while,
Pop goes the question!

If we don't have an enchanting time,
Pop goes the question!
I'm sure 'twill be no fault of mine,
Pop goes the question!
To be sure my funds make feeble show,
But love is a nourishing food, you know,
And cottage rent uncommonly low,
Pop goes the question!

Then answer me quickly, darling pray,
Pop goes the question!
Will you marry me? Yea or nay,
Pop goes the question!
I've no time to plead or sigh,
No patience to wait for by and by,
Snare me now, or I'm bound to fly,
Pop goes the question!

From the Knickerbocker.

OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER.

FAMILIARLY NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

NUMBER FIVE.

SLOPER ON HOTEL TABLES.

Take people all round as you find them in the world in general and in New York in particular—draw a line—and sum 'em up, and the chance is that you'll find they're a pretty good-natured set as long as you don't cross them in small matters. But you must be very particular where you draw the line.

One great reason why New Yorkers are a good-natured set of folks is because they have little by little worked life into going easy. When a man has big matters in business hours on his mind, he is easier accommodated in the off-hours. People who rush and steam it like sixty don't mind a small upset when they've got the chance of a big rise before them. But there are other reasons for this taking things easy, and one of them is that they live so much about town promiscuously; dining at hotels, lunching at restaurants and sleeping very often wherever they find it. A man with his own house who lays out a programme every day for his living, has a great deal to be anxious about, which never hits him when he has to eat, drink, and sleep just as other folks fix it for him.

At a hotel, people are always, as one may say, a sort of out in company. They put on their bettermost rig, brush their hair into an extra kink, and keep down the cross all they know how. Much practice in this line effectually uses up a great many ugly little didoes which are apt to ripen up in the bosoms of the blessedest families where there's no fly-wheel of frequent 'company' to keep down the steam.

Such notions often come into my head when I sit down at a hotel dinner-table and look around at the folks. I remember that about half of them are strangers—people who have always somehow looked at the dinner-table as one of the privacies of life, a thing that they wouldn't care about having even their best friends drop in on, without a warning. If they got such a warning, they would have a better dish with an extra pie or two, not to mention fancy china and the new forks. The picked-up dinners are holy family secrets, and so are—but it's no use a-talking! Everybody is up to the feeling, which has after all a great deal more of what's creditable in it than of anything. And here at the hotel-table are the good folks with all the dinner religion tactics in their heads, suddenly planted by the command of a head-waiter into chairs which have got to be theirs because somebody has stuck them down with their hind legs up in the air, and their faces like as is were in the plates. I never see chairs put into these bespoken positions without fancying that they are somehow kneeling and praying, and saying grace for the folks woo are going to sit in them, and who will probably forget to say anything of the sort for themselves.

Well—to get started again—there the good folks with all their home notions of dinner privacy, are stuck down in long rows, opposite to the Lord knows who, alongside of the Lord knows what, bound to be fed the Lord knows how. In times like these the ladies shine with uncommon force. So they ought. It isn't every day that they enjoy the luxuries, *all at once*, of being dressed up, having lots of admirers, eating dinner, and having all sorts of small potato family cares off their minds. Lord bless you—the men know nothing at all about it! Many ladies say they don't like such publicity. Very likely, but I only speak of what *I've* seen.

A pretty girl at a hotel-table can generally reckon, without firing very wide of the mark, that she's making a good many hearts go bumpity-bump, and setting a good many minds to queer music: the general tune being the Rogue's March with greater or less variations. A pretty woman is something like a writer. Nature does most for her, art a good deal, and between the two she turns out a work for the world to look at and criticise. I once heard a literary friend of Mr. Clark, of the Knickerbocker, tell that gentleman that the pleasantest hour he ever spent in his life was in the cars of the Camden and Amboy R. R. C. 'I was sitting,' said he, 'in one seat, and just in front of me was a young lady, a stranger to me, reading my last book.—Sometimes she laughed till her friends laughed to see her, sometimes she read passages aloud that pleased her; all the while she kept praising it—O, Lord!'

Now a pretty woman at a hotel-table may be perfectly certain that she is just as well off, far as pleasing folks goes, as the literary gentleman I spoke of was, when he was in the cars. Yes, and better, for he only had *one* admirer, while she probably has a dozen—may-be a couple of score.

There are people to be seen at every hotel-table who I really believe are never to be found anywhere else in the world, except occasionally in the dark corners of the opera. Leastways I never found 'em. There was such a character near me to-day. Any sensible man with such a face would have washed it in aquafortis and had it kicked by a young horse, for nothing shorter would have changed it much, and any change would have improved it. His eyes were great starting balls of prim vulgarity jumping out from under a lot of bristles like a wild-cat out of a pig-pen. His complexion looked as if it had been made of the hardest and toughest kind of folds, which had been rubbed, and *runched* and *schrunched* down into shape like a twist of clothes in a scrubbing-machine. It was easy to see that before Nature got that face into shape her fingers slipped more than once, and that to hide her ugly work, she made up for it, as some painters do, by a little extra richness of coloring, for the whole affair looked as if it had been pretty well soaked in bad brandy, dried over a mock-auction stove, and rubbed down with a sweat-cloth. But the real horror of the man was his hair, which seemed to have been skinned from some unknown animal that had been scared to death for the purpose. Altogether his look was that of a man who had been touched off by a galvanic battery, and had been frozen stiff at the same moment. A midshipman, who sat near, said afterward, in talking about him, that he looked like the devil, and ate like a hog. So he did. Well, I 'spose he's had his sweet-hearts in his time, like other folks.

Though I'm not particularly bright myself in the matter of dandyism, never having been able to bring it beyond passing pretty well in most crowds, I've always taken a great interest in those old and young fellows who have a natural gift that way. To be a dandy a man's got to be born so. Money won't make one, a tailor can't begin to make one. A real dresser—a fellow who contrives to give you the idea that his genius is all over him outside, must have outside genius; and genius, whether it strikes out or in, is *natural* and can't be come by. The dandies, in my opinion, are a greatly abused and slandered race. I say so because I've seen lots of men with all sorts of inside genius—great financiers, great editors, great orators and great preachers—who tried all their lives long to be dandies, and couldn't begin to do it.—By a dandy, I don't mean a man who dresses in extravagant style, but rather one who takes you down by the general impressiveness of his outside arrangements. There is one of that sort whom I see every day about town, and sometimes at our hotel-table. He wears an old coat as often as a new one—sometimes he has on patched boots—sometimes a hat that used to be new. But put him in any crowd you choose, somehow or other you'd always pick him out as holding four aces and a king, as far as rig and style go. He's *one* of the dandies for whom I have a respect.

About once in fifteen years a new sort of dandy turns up, just as in about the same time people pretty generally get a new kind of furniture, and begin to build new sorts of churches. From where I sit at the table I can see a splendid specimen of what was rather the correct thing about twenty years ago—a man who looks as if he might have been immense in the days of the old annals. His hair is very thick and shovelled up on the top of his head, and rolled off at the sides, as if his noddle was a barrel full of shavings for kindling, and he had got good measure. When he was a fashionable, young people hadn't got over pirate notions of beauty, and the girls used to tell him he looked considerable like a corsair. He wears a high stock and looks queer. His friends that used to be, have settled down or died, some of them look like other folks, and some have dropped into the new fashions. But he stands out for the old style, and there are still three or four married ladies about, who won't give up the notion that he's a very stylish young man. It always makes Mace Sloper a little blue or a little oldtimes-y to look at him, for Mace can remember that when *he* was a young shaver, and just suffering from *his* first attacks of calico-fever, he used to think that if he could only look as that man used to look, he'd consider himself provided for. Well! —I wonder who Widow Twiggles would call the finest-look——O Lord!

I wish that some man who's posted up on all the last tricks of the elephant would explain to Mace Sloper why all of the new school of dandies look so glum, and talk as if their souls, as far as they go, were all a mixture of mystery and misery, 'specially those who've been to France since Louy Napoleon came in. The bob-tail Shanghai boys who first rose to the top about ten years ago, were an uncommonly jolly crowd. They had a hand in everything, thought it rather the thing to be posted up on stocks, perfected the science of rat-killing, affected considerable literature, reduced the polka to a delirium, and died out with it. The real first crop of short-coated Shanghais had a short life and a merry one.

There are two regular bucks of the present style at our table. Their hair curls—it must curl of course, because they were born to get ripe in this fashion—and is parted near the middle. They have conquered the aggravating old shirt-collar which has held folks by the throat so long, and reduced it to a *little* modest affair, just meeting under the chin, and as if this was'nt enough, one of them has manacled the edges of *his* together with gold buttons. The beards are Louy Napoleon all over. When one speaks to the other, he sort of whispers sadly, and the other answers 'good morning' as if he expected to be hung in the afternoon, but were still prepared to meet his fate with Christian resignation. I saw them drink two bottles of Champaigne yesterday without speaking a word, only at the end of the second bottle the Dick moaned to Bob that he thought the last bottle was a little the coolest of the two.

I wont take my oath that all the boys of the last French stripe are of this dismal-genteel model. But really so many of the last ones who've made the grand pilgrimage are so solemn and sorrowful, and look so clerical in their long robes, that I can't help thinking that they're a sort of making up for the sins they committed under the polka. But my friend Hiram, who's half a long-tailed Shanghai himself, says that the new generation play high as anybody ever did, and that they feel bad for their losses.

I couldn't help quizzing Dick—one of the aforesaid—yesterday morning. He met me with a sort of undertaker's air, and after bringing to anchor with a deep sigh, gave me a long, mysterious sort of look as if he wanted to be certain that he could put trust in me, and said, very dismal:

'You were at the opera last night?'

'Yes,' says I, rolling my eyes up till I saw my hat-rim, 'I was.'

'The Prima Donna was admirable,' he whispered, very secretly and miserably.

'Yes,' says I, as if I felt very bad and pitied him. 'She sang good.' Then I took out my handkercheif and took a 'dry weep.'

'The ballet-girls——' he added.

'Yes—yes—ah! yes——' says I, wringing out my handkerchief like as if it were full.

'Mademoiselle Caprioče has very fine developments,' said Dick, gravely and darkly.

I buried my face in my handkercheif, and sobbed: 'Oh!—don't DON'T—DON'T!'

Dick's face grew still longer and sadder, and he sighed himself away down into the bar-room. Well, everything has its good points, and the last school of dandies, to do them justice, are quiet, sober, and refined, and dress better than any which went before them.

It's an odd notion of mine, and as I can't exactly call myself one of your smart sort, may-be a wrong one, but I've always fancied that when a man with a good deal of jewelry sits down to a hotel-table full of all sorts of first-rate povendor, and calls for bacon and cabbage, or pork and beans, that after a minute or two he'll be sure to order Champaigne. Leastways I'v always seen them do it. There are lots of good fellows of the right stripe, who drink the 'beverage' likewise in likeways, but still it's often a powerful instrument in the hands of the bad. Champaigne is a show wine, and a man who don't feel genteel and wants to look so, ought to be very careful how he plays with it.

There is something very taking to Mace Sloper in observing how naturally plain, sober sort of folks, who had lived sort of plainly at home, always holler for roast chicken, when they first emigrate from the family board to a hotel-table. Likewise how the rising girls of similar families behave with such pretty natural common-sense, and make such cute little mistakes; how it tickles them to show off their French to Pa and Ma, when the old folks puzzle over the side dishes, and how they sometimes forget that they're not at home, and and their voice grows kind of down like in the throat when they turn round sudden and see a strange waiter just at their elbow! It's right down plesant too, to hear their tongues run, 'specially after they've got the hang of things, and hear them tell about the things around town they've been looking at, and the folks they've visited and who took them round, and the shows and the beaux and the clothes. Oh! it's no use a-talking! People may say that there's no fun this side of the grave, but if they'll only contemplate a smart pretty girl who is a stranger in a city, and who is being put through a regular course of sprouts by a lot of kind friends, and if they'll hear that same pretty girl, at dinner-table, going on just as fast as her tongue can run, about the fine time she's had, they'll know mighty soon whether there's any fun left yet or not. Fun! Lord bless your soul! Mace Sloper's had more fun in listening to one such young girl, than half the boys round town ever got out of a thousand-dollar 'bank-bote,' as one of my friends persists in calling a bank-note.

I had a notion of saying something about the different varieties of American young ladies that are seen at a hotel-table. But I really heard an Irish waiter sing such a verse about the principle sorts, last night, that I am quite combed down, (for *now* at least,) on trying anything of the sort.—And his song was:

'Bosthon gurrels for talking,
New York gurrels for drissing;
Philadelphy gurrels for manners;
And Balthimoore gurrels for kissing.
Canady gurrels for hugging,
'Cinnati gurrels to be civil;
St. Louis gurrels for ribbins,
And New Orleans gurrels for the divil.'

I couldn't see the waiter who sung these lines, but I could hear him chanting away and brushing the floor in time with a broom. I was seated in the box of an eating-house, and as I didn't care to get up, I hollered out:

'How did you learn so much about American girls?'

The broom stopped whisking about, and over the top of the partition came the single word, in a sort of whiskey baritone:

'EXPARIENCE!'

I have never seen that waiter yet to know him. But he has, I dare say, in his time, carried a bowl of 'rale Mulligatawny' to Clark of the Knickerbocker, has served squab owls to Fred Cozzens, and perhaps at one time and another heard words of wit and wisdom as he waited on Brother Shelton For the place I'm talking about is considerably patronized by the Sacred Order of the Knickerbeckers, and it's not unlikely that the poetry, and wisdom, and knowledge of human nature, which turns up there, may have run out, in an Irish brain, into something such a heel-tap as the verses aforesaid.

Folks who live at hotels, and who, like Mace Sloper, have a sociable turn, may be said to live a great many small editions of life over again, as far as making new sets of friends is concerned. For after all said and done, what is life but what we have to do with the people in it? According to *my* notions, a prisoner who never sees anybody, don't live at all—leastways he only lives once and for one person, and that is himself. People in the quiet of family life make up a single set of friends, and live in that set—recruiting it a little in society and at watering places. It always takes them a good while to regularly get up a new acquaintance, and it comes hard to lose it.—At a hotel this sort of thing keeps a-going on all the time. Mace talks to Somebody at table—finds that Somebody cottons to him—smokes a segar with Somebody—is introduced to his friends—meets them every day for a week, and when they start for Boston, or are 'off for Baltimore,' bids them good-by and buckles to a new set. So we go! Life in New York generally has a good deal of this sort of thing in it. We don't lose time in making friends or losing them any more than we do with money. We swallow life in small doses, and take a good many of them, and thus like old topers contrive to keep a good head of steam on all the while, before we knock under to the final tipsification of death.

Talking of life, puts me in mind of what Mrs. Twiggles said a few days ago. She said that a dinner was a good deal like life. 'Mr. Sloper,' says she, 'the soup is the baby time of life.'

'Exactly,' says I, 'considerable slop and slobber.'

'Not exactly, says she, 'I mean that it is innocent and mild.'

'Precisely' I replied, 'and spooney.'

'The fish,' she continued, 'is a more advanced period. It is like boyhood and girlhood, when we begin to find something more solid in life———'

'Yes,' says I, 'we begin to find that we have to fork over to keep agoing.'

'We advance to maturity,' said she without minding me, 'with more substantial food, and people begin to show what their tastes are by what they choose.'

'Yes,' answered I, 'and those that look out best for themselves, and can manage the waiters well, get the best helped. And as for the side-dishes———'

'Yes, Mr. Sloper, how do you regard the side-dishes?'

'With very great favor,' says I. 'They are the real tit-bits of life. They are light, fanciful, agreeable, and notional. In fact they about answer to—*love*.'

'A very good idea,' replied Mrs. T. 'well—to continue. Game corresponds to a more advanced period———'

'Particularly if the game is a good deal advanced in flavor.'

'The pies and puddings and things,' says the widow, 'are old age, when we require little delicacies, and begin to be dainty and particular. As for dessert, I must own my powers of comparison are all at fault.'

'The dessert,' says I, 'shows what the fruits of life are, any how.'

'And the cup of Coffee without Cream is the dark termination.'

'And the thimble-full of cognac or Maryskiuno,' answered I, 'Is the spirit which an't dead yet, after all is wound up and settled.'

'That may be *your* spirit,' says the widdow. 'I don't pretend to carry out the comparison to such lengths.' And as we really got to the end of our dinner, I escorted her to the ladies' parlor.

LEARN ALL YOU CAN.—Never omit any opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said, that, even in a stage coach, he always found somebody who could tell him something he did not know before. Conversation is frequently more useful than books for purposes of knowledge. It is, therefore, a mistake to be morose and silent, among persons whom you think ignorant, for a little sociability on your part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment.

Indeed, some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this description, respecting their particular pursuit. Hugh Miller the Scotch geologist, owes not a little of his fame to observations, made when he was a journeyman stonemason and working in a quarry. Socratese well said that there is but one good which is knowledge, and one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand goes to make the heap. A gold digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away, because he hopes to find a huge lump some time. So in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure, spend it over a good or instructive talking with the first you meet.

MONEY MAKING.—I think it is a rule that men in busines should not be taught other things. Any one may be almost sure to make money who has no other idea in his head. A college education, or intense study of abstract truth, will not enable a man to drive a bargain, to overreach another, or even to guard himself from being over-reached. As Shakspeare says, that 'to have a good face is the effect of study, but reading and writing come by nature,' so it might be argued that to be a knave is the gift of fortune, but to play the fool to advantage it is necessary to be a learned man.

The best politicians are not those who are deeply grounded in mathematical or in ethical science. Rules stand in the way of expediency. Many a man has been hindered from pushing his fortune in the world by an early cultivation of his moral sense and has repented of it at leisure during the rest of his life. A shrewd man said of my father, that he would not send a son of his to school to him on any account, for that by teaching him to speak the truth, he would disqualify him from getting a living in the world!—*Hazlitt.*

An Irish weaver, just imported from the Emerald Isle, took to his employer in Kimcrock, Scotland, the first cloth he had woven since his arrival.

Upon examination his employer detected two holes in the piece, within half an inch of each other and told him he must pay a fine of a shilling for each hole.

'And plaze yer honor,' said the Paddy, 'aise it the number uv holes, or the size uv them that ye put the fine on us?'

'By the number of holes to be sure.'

'And a big hole and a small hole the same price?'

'Yes, a shilling for every hole big or little.'

'Then give me holt uv the piece,' replied the Paddy.

It was handed him. He made two holes one, exclaiming as the same that it would save him a shilling anyhow. His employ- [illegible]

A Fortunate Kiss.

In the University of Upsula, in Sweden, lived a young student, a lonely youth, with a great love for studies, but without the means for pursuing them. He was poor and without connections. Still he studied lived in great poverty, but keeping up a cheerful heart and trying not to look at the future, which looked so grimly at him. His good humor and good qualities made him beloved by his young comrades.

Once he was standing with some of them in a great square of Upsula, whiling away an hour of leisure, when the attention of the young man was arrested by a very young, elegant lady, who, at the side of an elderly one, walked slowly over the place. It was the daughter of the Governor of Upsula, living in the city, and the lady with her was her governess. She was generally known for her goodness and gentleness of character, and was looked upon with admiration by the students. As the young men now stood gazing at her, as she passed on like a graceful vision, one of them exclaimed:

"Well it would be worth something to get a kiss from such a mouth."

The poor student, the hero of our story, who was looking intently on that pure and angelic face, exclaimed, as if by inspiration:

"Well, I think I could have it."

"What" exclaimed all his friends in chorus, "are you crazy? Do you know her?"

"Not at all," he answered; "but I think she would kiss me, now, if I should ask her."

"What, in this place, before all our eyes?"

"In this place, before your eyes."

"Freely?"

"Freely."

"Well, if she will give you a kiss in that manner, I will give you a thousand dollars!" exclaimed one of the party.

"And I! And I!" cried three or four others, for it so happened that several rich young men were in the group, and bets ran high on so important an event; and the challenge was made and received, in less time than we take to relate it.

Our hero, (my authority tells not whether he was handsome or plain; I have my peculiar ideas for believing he was rather plain, but singularly good looking at the same time) our hero immediately walked off to the young lady and said: "Mein freulien, my fortune is in your hands." She looked at him in astonishment, but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, his aspirations, and related simply and truly what had passed between him and his companions.

The young lady listened attentively, and when he ceased to speak, she said blushingly, but with great sweetness: "If by so little a thing so much can be effected, it would be foolish for me to refuse your request," and she kissed the young man publicly in the open square.

Next day the student was sent for by the Governor. He wanted to see the man who had dared to seek a kiss from his daughter in that way, and whom she had consented to kiss so. He received him with a scrutinizing brow, but after an hour's conversation was so well pleased with him, that he invited him to dine at his table during his studies at Upsula.

Our young friend now pursued his studies in a manner which soon made him regarded as the most promising scholar in the University. Three years were not passed after the day of his first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second one to the daughter of the Governor, as his intended bride.

He became later one of the greatest scholars in Sweden, as much respected for his learning as for his character. His works will endure forever amongst the works of science, and from this happy union sprang a family well known in Sweden at the present day, and whose wealth of fortune and high position in society are regarded as small things, compared with their wealth of goodness and love.—*Frederika Bremen.*

A BATH IN GENESARETH.—We untwisted our turbans, kicked off our baggy trowsers, and speedily released ourselves from the barbarous restraints of dress, dipped into the torpid sea and floated lazily out until we could feel the exquisite coolness of the living springs which sent up their jets from the bottom. I was lying on my back moving my fins just sufficiently to keep afloat, and gazing dreamingly through half closed eyes on the forlorn palms of Tiberias, when a shrill voice hailed me with, "O Howadji, get out of our way!" There, at the old stone gateway below our tent, stood two Galilea damsels, with heavy earthern jars upon their heads. 'Go away yourselves, O maidens,' I answered, 'if you want us to come out of the water.' 'But we must fill our pitchers,' one of them replied. 'Then fill them at once, and be not afraid; or leave them and we will fill them for you.' Thereupon they put the pitchers down, but remained watching us very complacently while we sank the vessels to the bottom of the lake, and let them fill from the colder and purer tide of the springs.

In bringing them back through water to the gate, the one I propelled before me happened to strike against a stone, and its fair owner, on receiving it immediately pointed to a crack in the side, which she declared I had made, and went off lamenting. After we had resumed our garments and were enjoying the pipe of indolence and the coffee of contentment, she returned and made such an outcry that I was fain to purchase peace by the price of a new pitcher. I passed the first hours of the night in looking out of my tent door, as I lay, on the stars sparkling in the bosom of Galilea like the sheed of Assyrian spears and the glare of the great fires kindled on the opposite shore.—*Land of the Saracen.*

It is currently reported that Col. Lane will challenge Senator Douglas for remarks on the Kansas Memorial.